









themselves elarged with too many satellites to be agreeable to the central sun;" that English ladies and gentlemen would rather "live on bread and cheese than lie under the capricious smiles and sunshine of a palace;" and that "what we all pine for is independence, however lowly." These are certainly very good reasons why a princess should marry the son of a duke, who can give her a separate home, though they are not so complimentary as they might be to the persons chiefly concerned. There is, however, a further reason. Our nobility are at present connected with royalty "in a way which is rather a scandal than an ornament to our annals." Public virtue, we are told with truth if not with much originality, must have been at a low ebb when a king could make peers of his illegitimate children, and we now know that "it is too good against this startling irregularity." Thus the legitimate marriage of the Princess Louise may be considered as an atonement for the vices of Charles II. It is suggested, indeed, that the Princess ought to have married an English duke with a county for his estate; but as we know that riches are fugitive, whatever the form they assume, it is better that she should have married a gentleman with the "unalienable wealth of character." Thus everything is for the best; and the Princess and her husband are dismissed to "find their work and their happiness in the well-being and elevation of their country." They will be poor, but honest, and, we may hope, content.

In spite of much graceful writing, we must admit that this discussion of the reasons for the match strikes us as a little awkward. The *Telegraph* shows a finer tact in dwelling in vaguer and grander terms upon the magician whose name is Love, and avoiding these rather discordant topics. The grand style is not acquired in a day, and though the *Times* does its best to throw a graceful dross over its rather disagreeable arguments, it does not come up to the eloquence of its cheaper rival. We turn with renewed satisfaction to the glowing eloquence of the *Telegraph's* reporter of the actual ceremony. The thrilling moment when the Marquis of Lorne is standing, "with perfect grace and fitness," gazing steadfastly at the door, and the writer imagines him to be doubting whether it has not been "a fairy story after all a charming dream!" the Princess to have been spirited away by enchantment while the last bouquet of orange-flowers was being fixed, and all the gorgeous marriage-pagant was melting away"—is touched with a master-hand. It is a worthy pendant to the rhetoric of the leading article. And the following aspiration, "that the Princess, touching the head of the Prince, should be made to produce by no inferior hand"—What is the effect of these things now melting away—who is the bride, in all the broad land of England—that does not wish the omen of that sunny coronation fulfilled to her and to hers, and the flower of her young life made glad and radiant with soft light like that which falls from above as she walks, a Wedded Wife, and thus glides the orange-blossoms upon her brow?"

That must be our climax, though we are rather tempted to follow the correspondent of the *Daily News*, who penetrated to the luncheon room and heard Mr. Gladstone discourse to the Bishop of Oxford upon Butler's *Analogy*. It is hard that the Prime Minister cannot relax his mind with a little religious philosophy at wedding-breakfast without being immediately put into a correspondent's letter; but the *Daily News* correspondents have lately established their right to omniscience. In the matter of pure eloquence, they, like all their contemporaries, must yield to the *Daily Telegraph*. After the passages from which we have quoted, the briefest allusion, and need scarcely be said that it is inexpressibly charming, in these days to meet with such writing. It is not that it illustrates the marked rise which has recently taken place in the standard of English literature, but that the loyalty expressed is so evidently sincere. The burning words come fresh from the heart. There is an unctious and a richness of flavour about it which is really animating. The author must have been interrupted by spasmodic sighs, and his paper, to use the proper phrase, must have been blighted with his tears. He knew, of a course—for a man of such ability must be credited with the highest cultivation—that some cynics might complain of the fine phraseology; but there are times when the emotions will have their way, and when it is best to shut aside strict canons of taste, and, so to speak, to let one's own breast to the public. Deep emotion bursts all restraints, and even we feel, as the writer in the *Telegraph* puts it, "we are all one family, and that to ask the friends of the young pair to witness the ceremony would have been equivalent to inviting the whole British Empire. Far from us and from our friends be that frigid philosophy which would not be overpowered at the marriage of a Princess and a Marquis; which would check our natural response to the eloquence of the *Telegraph*; and which would even—for an unpleasant recollection comes across our mind—grudge its share of £30,000 to make two lovers happy. Alas! the mention of that unlucky circumstance reminds us that there are three unhappy persons in this Empire who perhaps fail to share their transports. What is now the state of mind of the gentlemanly minority who could only supply two tellers and one man who would go into the lobby, and one man who would repent in sackcloth and ashes, or anxiety carried away by the tumultuous outburst of national affection? Probably they are wrapping themselves in their pride, and considering, for great is the perversity of human nature, that the brilliancy of their patriotism is enhanced by the funkyness (for so they would describe it) which takes the mask of exuberant loyalty. We leave them to their painful reflections or their sour self-complacency, and to the indignation of the 190,000 disciples of the *Telegraph*. We are even content to forgive them, so great is the stimulus communicated to our affectionate emotions; and we will venture to say that, if any additional inducement were necessary to promote the marriage of future princesses, it would be the thought that, on the other hand, the genuine loyalty of the nation would find such eloquent expression, and that, on the other, the usual dependence of a few honestly misguided patriots would give ample opportunity for exhibiting the unanimity of the public sentiment. It must thus be equally agreeable to hear Mr. Peter Taylor denounce the payment of your dowry, and to be overwhelmed with the congratulations of the *Daily Telegraph*. The *Times* tells us that "privacy is the charm of English life," and that it is especially enjoyed by the Royal Family. But of course interruptions to privacy which are due only to an excess of loyal enthusiasm or of political Puritanism should not give offence. It must be delightful to have one's family affairs discussed in such a spirit

previously, had also slept his hardly less renowned draw

attest the Duke of Wellington, when, as Sir John Lubbock says, "the Duke was not there." Alas! Repeatedly I have heard my father speak of his conversations with both these remarkable men.

But to return to the "Belle Poule" and her special mission to pass over all that already has been abundantly related by one who, himself on the spot, was either a witness or actual partner of the transaction.

My father's boat, provided with a small observation, left half an hour after midnight of the 14th-15th of October, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the arrival of Napoleon Buonaparte at St. Helena, the first blow was struck which was to open the grave where he had been laid, and the first of the numerous workmen who were engaged in digging out the earth seemed to be impressed with awe at the extraordinary work they were performing. All was hushed as the boat moved on, and the silence was broken only when the word of command necessary to direct the labourers at the work proceeded. The waning moon occasionally threw her pale light upon the scene below, but again she would be obscured by the darkness of the night, and the darkness would then be visible but the glimmer of the numerous lanterns used by the workmen, and the solitary watchfire which was burning near the tent, thus giving some idea of the scene which was passing, yet none moved; all remained as if they were chained to the spot (the aged Bertrand, Gourgaud, and others, French, together with the appointed officials on the part of England), except one, but, regardless of the inclemency of the weather, he was watching the work as it slowly proceeded. There was much difficulty occasioned by the mass of cement and masonry obstructing the approach to the tomb, and the workmen were obliged to be lifted out of the tomb by means of ladders, and deposited on the ground on the left side of the grave, whence it was carefully borne by twelve men of the Royal Artillery to a tent erected for their reception, and thence *Levee* and *Levee* having been performed.

The outer mahogany coffin having been removed, the inner ones were carefully placed within the leaden coffin contained in the sarcophagus sent from France, and the latter was then closed, and the outer mahogany coffin was cut through, and so opened. The old tin coffin, the last cover which shrouded the remains, became thus exposed to view, and at 1 o'clock (His Excellency the Governor and Staff being present) the coffin was opened, and the remains of the Emperor were laid out in the Chamberlain's House) this was also cut through, when the satin covering over the body appeared, which the surgeon of the "Belle Poule" gently raised, and thus displayed the body of the Emperor, which was in excellent condition, and seemed to have been perfectly preserved; there was an appearance of mould all over the body and habiliments, but his features, nearly unaltered, were immediately recognised by his attendants, and the Emperor's face was touched by Dr. Guillard touched (and he was the only person who touched the corpse), was perfect and firm, "as a mummy," he said, and the appearance of the whole body was that of a man who had only been asleep. The eyes were fallen, and the body was very little sunk; but the lower part of the face, remarkable for its great breadth and fullness, was perfect. His epaulets and the several stars and orders on his breast were tarnished and discoloured by time, with mildew, which, when Dr. Guillard slightly rubbed them off, and the leather underneath was perfectly black and sound. His cocked hat lay across his forehead, and his sword, which he held in his right hand, which contains his heart, stood in the hollow above the ankles, but had assumed a bronze hue.

The body remained exposed to view from two to three minutes, when it was sprinkled by the surgeon with a mixture of spirits of wine and vinegar, as well as the old and new leaden coffins, were carefully closed up by M. Leroux, a French plumber, who attended for that purpose. The sarcophagus was then closed, and the body was placed in the inner coffin, and Alexander to Count Chabot, with the remark, "and he and the wime," sent out from France had been enabled to satisfy themselves that the body of the Emperor was really deposited in the sarcophagus, and that the Emperor's body was in the hands of His Excellency the Governor, the honour of delivering over to him the key; and had further to inform them that at everything was in readiness to convey the body to the Emperor's tomb, and that the body was transferred by His Excellency in person to the care of His Royal Highness Prince Joinville.

The procession and proceedings immediately following the opening of the coffin are all now common history. Every honour and all the pomp and circumstance, suitable to the solemn occasion, was decorously and cheerfully tendered, both by the local authorities and nobles generally, and which at the time was judiciously and wisely acknowledged on the part of the French representatives.

The following copy of a letter written by a Lieutenant of the Superb, ship of war, during a visit to the Emperor's tomb, and which, I believe, affords an illustration of the universal interest which was taken in every circumstance connected with the great Napoleon.—

My Superb, Basque Roads, 16th July, 1815.

"One of the most extraordinary circumstances has occurred that ever happened,—nothing less than the presence of Napoleon Buonaparte, whom we have now on board the Superb, and who is on the eve of sailing for America. The British Emperor, who is so well known to me, has been so kind as to give me a full and very sorry description of this wonderful personage,—the boat being on the very point of carrying him away again. He has been in the habit of visiting me, and has thrown himself on the mercy of the Prince Regent, both of which he is permitted to land in England, may possibly be in London soon. We have all had a very long and earnest gaze at this person who has for so many years filled the world with his name, and who has been the cause of so much war, swarthy, sallow-faced man—but in my eyes, has nothing very extraordinary or majestic about him,—has very penetrating eyes, and something, I assure you, of a very human appearance. He appears cheerful, but to me it looks forced. He is attended by a general, Bertrand, is with him, as are Savary, Duke of Rovigo, and several other generals, and two ladies, Madame Savary and another. I hope the 'Superb' will follow him, and I shall be very shortly.—Most truly yours, F. Hutton."

"Allen's statement," the spectacle was opened in presence of the Emperor, and it is not to be supposed that the whole occurrence took place during the day, and that the whole present were a very limited number, and night was selected for the ceremony, and the pressure and annoyance of a crowd.

MODERN YACHTING.

THERE is a certain class of men who defy the gay attractions of the London season by setting a very agreeable and manly pursuit against the social pleasures of the town. Although, as a rule, they belong to the aristocracy, yet the knights of the Tourna-ment of Doves are chosen from all ranks of the nobility, and the presence of ladies and Royalty at Hurlingham is not misgiving for them. Neither, apparently, do they sigh for the Opera and the luxurious pleasures of the Continent, but they are content with one of the lengthier reaches of "Guglielmo Tett," or regret the promenades in Hyde-park, or the equestrian frolics in the same quarter what time the *distinctions* regatta as gracefully as bellows along the coast, and the *distinctions* dorenda. The fact is they have Mr. Ayrton's *Phœnix* to look after. They are of those who go down to the sea in yachts. No sooner do the hawthorn buds whiten the hedgerows than the thousands of tiny craft which are to be seen in the September month begin to emerge from the chrysalis or hibernating condition in which they have lain in dock during the winter. They must be fitted and equipped for the business of regatta as gracefully as bellows along the coast, and the *distinctions* dorenda. The fact is they have Mr. Ayrton's *Phœnix* to look after. They are of those who go down to the sea in yachts. No sooner do the hawthorn buds whiten the hedgerows than the thousands of tiny craft which are to be seen in the September month begin to emerge from the chrysalis or hibernating condition in which they have lain in dock during the winter. They must be fitted and equipped for the business of regatta as gracefully as bellows along the coast, and the *distinctions* dorenda. The fact is they have Mr. Ayrton's *Phœnix* to look after. They are of those who go down to the sea in yachts. No sooner do the hawthorn buds whiten the hedgerows than the thousands of tiny craft which are to be seen in the September month begin to emerge from the chrysalis or hibernating condition in which they have lain in dock during the winter. They must be fitted and equipped for the business of regatta as gracefully as bellows along the coast, and the *distinctions* dorenda. The fact is they have Mr. Ayrton's *Phœnix* to look after. They are of those who go down to the sea in yachts. No sooner do the hawthorn buds whiten the hedgerows than the thousands of tiny craft which are to be seen in the September month begin to emerge from the chrysalis or hibernating condition in which they have lain in dock during the winter. They must be fitted and equipped for the business of regatta as gracefully as bellows along the coast, and the *distinctions* dorenda. The fact is they have Mr. Ayrton's *Phœnix* to look after. They are of those who go down to the sea in yachts. No sooner do the hawthorn buds whiten the hedgerows than the thousands of tiny craft which are to be seen in the September month begin to emerge from the chrysalis or hibernating condition in which they have lain in dock during the winter. They must be fitted and equipped for the business of regatta as gracefully as bellows along the coast, and the *distinctions* dorenda. The fact is they have Mr. Ayrton's *Phœnix* to look after. They are of those who go down to the sea in yachts. No sooner do the hawthorn buds whiten the hedgerows than the thousands of tiny craft which are to be seen in the September month begin to emerge from the chrysalis or hibernating condition in which they have lain in dock during the winter. They must be fitted and equipped for the business of regatta as gracefully as bellows along the coast, and the *distinctions* dorenda. The fact is they have Mr. Ayrton's *Phœnix* to look after. They are of those who go down to the sea in yachts. No sooner do the hawthorn buds whiten the hedgerows than the thousands of tiny craft which are to be seen in the September month begin to emerge from the chrysalis or hibernating condition in which they have lain in dock during the winter. They must be fitted and equipped for the business of regatta as gracefully as bellows along the coast, and the *distinctions* dorenda. The fact is they have Mr. Ayrton's *Phœnix* to look after. They are of those who go down to the sea in yachts. No sooner do the hawthorn buds whiten the hedgerows than the thousands of tiny craft which are to be seen in the September month begin to emerge from the chrysalis or hibernating condition in which they have lain in dock during the winter. They must be fitted and equipped for the business of regatta as gracefully as bellows along the coast, and the *distinctions* dorenda. The fact is they have Mr. Ayrton's *Phœnix* to look after. They are of those who go down to the sea in yachts. No sooner do the hawthorn buds whiten the hedgerows than the thousands of tiny craft which are to be seen in the September month begin to emerge from the chrysalis or hibernating condition in which they have lain in dock during the winter. They must be fitted and equipped for the business of regatta as gracefully as bellows along the coast, and the *distinctions* dorenda. The fact is they have Mr. Ayrton's *Phœnix* to look after. They are of those who go down to the sea in yachts. No sooner do the hawthorn buds whiten the hedgerows than the thousands of tiny craft which are to be seen in the September month begin to emerge from the chrysalis or hibernating condition in which they have lain in dock during the winter. They must be fitted and equipped for the business of regatta as gracefully as bellows along the coast, and the *distinctions* dorenda. The fact is they have Mr. Ayrton's *Phœnix* to look after. They are of those who go down to the sea in yachts. No sooner do the hawthorn buds whiten the hedgerows than the thousands of tiny craft which are to be seen in the September month begin to emerge from the chrysalis or hibernating condition in which they have lain in dock during the winter. They must be fitted and equipped for the business of regatta as gracefully as bellows along the coast, and the *distinctions* dorenda. The fact is they have Mr. Ayrton's *Phœnix* to look after. They are of those who go down to the sea in yachts. No sooner do the hawthorn buds whiten the hedgerows than the thousands of tiny craft which are to be seen in the September month begin to emerge from the chrysalis or hibernating condition in which they have lain in dock during the winter. They must be fitted and equipped for the business of regatta as gracefully as bellows along the coast, and the *distinctions* dorenda. The fact is they have Mr. Ayrton's *Phœnix* to look after. They are of those who go down to the sea in yachts. No sooner do the hawthorn buds whiten the hedgerows than the thousands of tiny craft which are to be seen in the September month begin to emerge from the chrysalis or hibernating condition in which they have lain in dock during the winter. They must be fitted and equipped for the business of regatta as gracefully as bellows along the coast, and the *distinctions* dorenda. The fact is they have Mr. Ayrton's *Phœnix* to look after. They are of those who go down to the sea in yachts. No sooner do the hawthorn buds whiten the hedgerows than the thousands of tiny craft which are to be seen in the September month begin to emerge from the chrysalis or hibernating condition in which they have lain in dock during the winter. They must be fitted and equipped for the business of regatta as gracefully as bellows along the coast, and the *distinctions* dorenda. The fact is they have Mr. Ayrton's *Phœnix* to look after. They are of those who go down to the sea in yachts. No sooner do the hawthorn buds whiten the hedgerows than the thousands of tiny craft which are to be seen in the September month begin to emerge from the chrysalis or hibernating condition in which they have lain in dock during the winter. They must be fitted and equipped for the business of regatta as gracefully as bellows along the coast, and the *distinctions* dorenda. The fact is they have Mr. Ayrton's *Phœnix* to look after. They are of those who go down to the sea in yachts. No sooner do the hawthorn buds whiten the hedgerows than the thousands of tiny craft which are to be seen in the September month begin to emerge from the chrysalis or hibernating condition in which they have lain in dock during the winter. They must be fitted and equipped for the business of regatta as gracefully as bellows along the coast, and the *distinctions* dorenda. The fact is they have Mr. Ayrton's *Phœnix* to look after. They are of those who go down to the sea in yachts. No sooner do the hawthorn buds whiten the hedgerows than the thousands of tiny craft which are to be seen in the September month begin to emerge from the chrysalis or hibernating condition in which they have lain in dock during the winter. They must be fitted and equipped for the business of regatta as gracefully as bellows along the coast, and the *distinctions* dorenda. The fact is they have Mr. Ayrton's *Phœnix* to look after. They are of those who go down to the sea in yachts. No sooner do the hawthorn buds whiten the hedgerows than the thousands of tiny craft which are to be seen in the September month begin to emerge from the chrysalis or hibernating condition in which they have lain in dock during the winter. They must be fitted and equipped for the business of regatta as gracefully as bellows along the coast, and the *distinctions* dorenda. The fact is they have Mr. Ayrton's *Phœnix* to look after. They are of those who go down to the sea in yachts. No sooner do the

100







Library of Australia

[illegible]



THE most graphic description of "Red" Paris which has appeared in the London press during the month is contained in the following letter, written by a Catholic lady, and printed in the *Spectator* of April 15:—

within a short distance of the former residence of the "sea-green incorruptible," to whom the Communards are going to erect a statue in the Conze, when they have time and a few of the cannons have been melted down; and I find the lady I went to see (who is very young and pretty) walking up the street, leisurely and unconcernedly, with a beautiful bouquet in her hand, and a flower-pot containing a gorgeous crimson blossom, with a long green stalk, under her arm. "No one need be afraid, then, in Paris!" I ask. "No woman," she replies; "men are afraid, I believe, and in danger; they are suspected of wanting to get away, and they will be made to stay and fight, but women are quite safe from everything but shells." There is not a little more liveliness in the Rue St. Honoré, but no open shops, and no noise. The grocer and the Guards are more numerous, and I remark that the proportion of uniform to multi is small and the uniforms are shabby. Profound gravity is expressed upon every countenance, and every man seems to be looking to every other man for orders, or news, or consolation. As a body, I consider the patriots looked hungry, cold, tired, and bored, to say nothing of dirty, which they looked to a man. We turn down a smut street, apparently closed in by a neatly-built wall with holes in it, through which I discover the mouths of cannon. About this wall men are swarming in and out of uniform; they are all armed, and two or three wear red or white trousers with pistols stuck in them, after an Adolphian style, which instantly causes me to think of Mr. Webster's "The Dead Heart." My coacher pulls up at the corner of the little street, and exchanges friendly grins with the citizen patriots who are swarming inside and outside the wall, while I peer out of the carriage window longing to see more. Presently the coacher suggests that I should get out and look about me; he cannot drive any further, but from quite the corner I could see the whole of the Place Vendôme, the General's headquarters, and the parade of yesterday's levee, then taking place. A cheerful young woman, with a pretty young infant in her arms, encourages me to descend, and a young man to whom she is talking, a lean, trim, fat young fellow, with a military bearing, salutes me with much politeness, and asks me to pass by a barricade. "No, no, citizen patriot," I reply, "I do not like to make them in England, and I had no idea they were so symmetrical. I thought a barricade was a heap of rubbish piled up anyhow, but these are strong stone walls built at leisure." He seemed much pleased with my admiration, and having handed a tin can to the young woman, invited me to come inside the wall, which I did, there was the Place Vendôme, and filled with what realities and what phantoms! I saw it last on the 15th of August, 1869, decorated for the Emperor's fête, and filled with the glittering Imperial troops. I see it now, a wide empty waste, bounded by the symmetrical barricades, dotted with slouching ungainly figures, whose clothes and arms encumber them, and with built-up groups, strengthening the walls with steady industry, while friend points out the cannon, shows me the friend points against all avenues of approach, shows me where the ground has been tunneled, and guns placed, as it seems to me, with a design to cut off the enemy's feet satisfactorily at once; points out the "General's" headquarters, and puts into a convenient position (apparently envied by several women collected outside the barricade, for witnessing a distribution of arms. A number of men pass in a disorderly fashion before a group of men in uniform, and something which cannot make out plainly happens. When the men return, each has a gun with a bayonet, and a belt, to which a coarse white bag is suspended; and for the first time I hear a sound like a feeble shout. I thank my friend for his politeness, and return to the carriage; the young woman is still there, and she smiles at me, as much as to say, "Is he not a fine fellow?" This he is, and that there are many fine fellows there very much out of place in the raffish mass. We turn into the Rue de Rivoli, and are stopped by regiment marching out to "meet the enemy," says my coacher, and I cannot in the least tell whether he is laughing at them or believes in them. The grey horse stands still, and the citizen patriots, among whom are some very villainous-looking subjects, march past his blunt nose, with a good deal of shulite to very little tramp. I am the solitary spectator, and I begin to feel as if I were reviewing Sir John Falstaff's troops. These poor creatures are shabby, wretched, silent. I did not hear a laugh, or an oath. I did not see one violent gesture. I hardly saw a smile all that day. The roystering, roaring, terrible "Reds," as I saw them, are tired, dull men, doing ill-directed work with plodding indifference. The regiment passes on, and here comes something up with a rattle at last. It is a victoria, with a flunting flag, bearing the red cross on a white ground, and it contains a young man smoking and laughing, who has his arms safe with red crosses on their arms. "Young doctors going to the ambulance," says the coacher, and we go on—past the Tuilleries gardens, a bare desolate space, all the beautiful chestnut trees cut down, filled with wooden sheds; past the side of the great empty palace, through the Carrousel, where the only living creatures are the grey horse, and the coacher, and I, but which swarms so thick with phantoms, three of them women flying from a mob, that I can hardly breathe, and gasp with relief when I am on the other side, and looking back at the pavilion of the Prince Imperial, which is not yet quite finished. I believe we cross the noble bridge, and I look like one in a man. I have seen the beautiful river, still as an Arctic river might be in winter. Very far up there is a little puff of steam, and a few people lean over the wall eager to behold the marvel of a moving boat. On into the Faubourg, where there is even more silence, and where fewer people are moving about. There I visit a famous lady, who gives me the history of the past of Paris and her anticipation of its future in such brilliant style, her epigrams bristling like bayonets along the line of her narrative, that, though horrified, I am excessively amused, and carry away the drollest impressions of "L'Empire Cluseret." But her manner changes when I ask what I shall tell her friends in London? And she says, "Tell them to fear everything, and to hope very little. We are a degraded people, and we deserve what we have got, and are going to get." I leave her, and go on to the house of another friend. He is absent, resident (with order) at Warsaw, but his concierge invites me to inspect the premises, and shows me a heap of ruins. While we were talking about it, she is showing me where a second shell cut up the tasteful little garden, the cannon keeps up an incessant roar. She does not mind it, of course, and even to me it has become a mere detail. When I go out I find a woman sitting on the carriage-step, her lap full of dandelions, which she

lying up into nosegays, at a *sous* each; and she is talking to the *cocher*. As I take my place I ask her to sell me some of the flowers, and in her face I suppose she sees a question in mine, for the whisper, "On qu'il est fou! Monsieur!" and is gone in an instant. "I don't believe it. A living horse is worth much more to l'Empire Cluseret than a dead archbishop; but I see in the faces of all the women I pass that they have heard the rumour, and that they fear it may be true. We go on, and on, up to the Glaciere, past long lines of desolate boulevards, and grand, ghastly, and houses, which have never been inhabited, the dust of whose construction was hardly laid when their roofs were battered in by the Prussian shells, and which present an extraordinary combination of bran newness and devastation. In this quarter there is hardly a living soul to be seen, and every sign of industry has disappeared. The prison is like a chapter of the prophet Isaiah in which the account of decorative metals. I had a long visit to pay in this quarter, and the grey horse and the coachee dined together while I paid it.

Back again to the Quai, across the bridge, and through the Place de la Concord. The sun shines now, and people are walking about past the statues with their absurd black masks, and the silly heap of tawdry crowns and flimsy flags rotting round Strasbourg, which, in the midst of the heap with its black bandage, looks like a colossal figure of the child's game of forfeits; and with this *détour*, to the Palais d'Industrie, now an ambulance, quiet, decorous, spacious, well managed. I have no difficulty in getting a look into the huge central compartment. It is only a look; and there is nothing to be seen with which I am not familiar. But that look suffices to convince me that the accounts I was told of the late engagements are enormously exaggerated. I saw, of course, in the most superficial way, the ambulances in the Champs Elysees afterwards; and I don't believe there are half 70000 men in them all put together. Considering that we had been informed on Saturday, in England, that shells were falling in the Champs Elysees, and that "harmless spectators" had been killed, it struck me, as I drove up the grand avenue, in which I have witnessed many magnificent pageants, that there were a good many harmless spectators about, who were taking things very easily. The whole place was a vast bazaar for the thoroughbred guards—indeed so are all the great thoroughbred nurses and children are strolling about very much the same. The *bourgeoisie* was taking its walks abroad. The booming of cannon went on, and some carts bringing in wounded to the ambulance met us half-way up the arch. I wanted to go to the Rue Billaut, and had arrived within 100 yards of it when the carriage was stopped by a citizen patriot, who came up to the window and told me politely that it would be dangerous for me to go in that direction, as a shell might be expected to fall there at any moment. While he was speaking there came a sort of bursting whirr, a sound I never heard before, and I saw something for an instant in the air, above and behind the arch. It was a shell, he said, and I heard afterwards it had fallen in the ex-avenue of the ex-Empress. This was the first shell I saw, the first of the sort to fall in the Rue de Lisbonne, immediately afterwards, I had a fine view of Mont Valerien and the cannon. Up to the Arch, on either side, and in the adjacent streets, the National Guards were swarming, some eating, some idly lying about in the sunshine, some talking, many asleep. The people came and went, children and dogs ran about. Occasionally a queer-looking fellow, representing the official who in enlaved, unfraternal, and unequal armies is called an orderly, mounted upon a horse unacquainted with the curriumb, goes lumbering by, bumping and lurching in a ludicrous fashion, but no one laughed. An air of waiting prevailed, weary waiting, not impatient, contagious; so that I found myself lingering and looking into the blue distance under the Arch, as if a quarter-past 7 were an indefinite period and the departure of the train a most movable feast. In the Rue de Montcaumon I saw a few, whom for the first time I saw out on the pavement. There were not many, and they were chiefly *congrues*, the proprietors and *locataires* being unanimous in their absence. From the windows of a house in the latter street I exchanged observations with a placid person seated on an opposite doorstep, respecting the pungency of the smell of powder pervading the atmosphere. She had looked up with an agreeable smile at me as I glanced violently. "C'est la poudre," she said, "ga fait éternuer."

I packed all the things I wanted to take away, and then set off to have a look, at a safe distance, at the Hotel de Ville, Notre Dame (where the red flag was drooping in an appropriately men fashion), and the Palais of Justice which is *en cage*. Pray observe that the strong grey horse had long intervals of rest. This was his last journey on my account. In these regions, the centre of the authority of the Revolution, there were a great many people, and very little queer-looking, but the air was very little more elastic, and a total absence of excitement. I could get only a glimpse of the Hotel de Ville; it seemed to me to be a perfect ant-hill of guns and soldiers, and they all wavered and danced before my eyes as I remembered a day on which Horace Vermet showed me his portrait of Napoleon III., just placed there, and a night on which the city of Paris gave a ball to the beautiful and proud mother of the "Child of France." The Place de Grève swarmed with soldiers that night too. I remember how the corsets and helmets of the Cent Gardes glittered, and the shiny bits of their horses' accoutrements came out under the play of the moonlight, flickering, dazzling lights, as looked down upon them from the purple and gold-draped balcony. The Republic was proclaimed from that same balcony in September. The few and brief speeches in l'Empire Cluseret are spoken from it now. Early in the afternoon, an order had been issued for the closing of the churches; no evening services were permitted on Easter Day. Notre Dame was black, silent, and deserted. From the bridge I gaped at the Conciergerie, a grand building now, a fine and strong place, no longer the dingy hole in which the Queen of France and others who had incurred the displeasure of the nation waited for the emancipation of death. What of the prisoners of the Republic who are there now? I thought with a shudder of the orderly ranges of kitchen shales, and the staid play of the prisoners in the part of the "Missions Etrangères" of the blood stains on the walls, and the hacked benches, where the murderers worked like butchers on "killing-day" in the great slaughter-house of the Carmes. But all is so quiet! There is literally no noise now, for we do not hear the guns in this quarter. I notice that all the clocks are stopped. I suppose it is nobody's business to wind them up, but the effect is strange. As I go past them

quy opposite the Louvre I see the first and only "bonnet rouge" which meets my inquiring gaze in Paris, where I expected to find it universal. Indeed my nervous friend suggested that I would do well to have a red cockade in my pocket in case of accidents or disorders of fraternity. The wearer of the symbolical head-piece was an ill-looking ruffian, who sat with his back to the quay wall, his legs straddled across the footpath, his drunken head fallen forward on his naked hairy breast, a broken pipe between his knees, his doubled fist upon the stones at either side of him, and the "bonnet rouge" hanging over his ear like Mr. Punch's cocked hat when he is getting the worst of it at the hands of the beadle. I looked attentively at the "Phrygian head-tire," with a whimsical remembrance of Chaulieu's benediction of the "old cap of the peasant" in my mind, and my belief is that the specimen in question was made out of an old waistcoat discarded by a *cocher*, by a person imperfectly acquainted with the form of the original.

I completed my business, and was driven to the railway station, through streets as quiet and orderly in the twilight as they were in the morning. The station was guarded by three mounted gendarmes, and administered by remarkable officials. I never experienced so little difficulty, or more politeness on any occasion of ticket-taking and luggage-weighing. I paid the exact fare of my carriage, the exact price of my ticket and luggage registration; no one even looked a demand for a fee, on any pretence whatever. I proffered my passport for examination; it was declined with a bow, and I passed into the usual waiting-room and out of it into the usual carriage for *dames seules* with perfect ease and comfort. In the carriage there was an old French lady bound for Brighton, and two young ladies, of French destination was Chantilly. We four were the only women in the train, and I was informed that no other comfortable journey was open. After a very comfortable journey, we reached Victoria Station in perfectly good time. I despatched my slightly-bewildered companion to Brighton, under the charge of a gallant volunteer bound for the review, and then proceeded to buy a newspaper, in order to see what the correspondents had to say about "Red" Paris on Easter Sunday. The newspaper was the *Daily Telegraph*, and among its sensational telegrams was the following, dated Monday morning, April 10:—"Ladies endeavoring to escape from Paris last night were forced to pay 100 francs before being allowed to take tickets."

If my nervous friend had been in the habit of reading the *Daily Telegraph*, what would her feelings have been, on seeing this statement, to which I am compelled to give, in common justice to the Commune, a positive contradiction.

F. C. H.

MUSICAL CARTOONS.

(From the *Musical World*.)

To have been abroad for a few weeks is a sufficient reason for an Englishman afflicted with a facility for writing, to make a book about the people among whom he has travelled. Upon no point of history, politics, manners and customs, or social condition, does the modesty of the writer prevent expression of confident opinions. It may be taken for granted that his lively productions are seldom read by foreigners. Otherwise there would be a sufficient reason for a good deal more hate than is usually bestowed upon "those English." Not that foreigners are strange to the habit of retalating upon us after our own fashion, as wit-killed by the acid at Smithfield, the women kicked by their husbands with the applause of their neighbours, and similar instances of the amiable eccentricities of Albion. We wonder it has never occurred to one of those imaginative gentlemen to depict English manners and customs, dresses and amusements, from the windows of a popular music shop. We feel utterly at a loss to conceive the exact nature of the description, but can believe that it would be well worth reading.

The windows of our music shops are interesting studies for observers of the *outré* character of modern civilization. A change has certainly come over the spirit of the musical dreams of the country; and the pictorial point of the change makes a music shop a sight not to be passed by without the risk of missing something worth regarding. Time was when the contents of a music shop, pictorially speaking, were of a staid and lively. They usually consisted of sundry pictures, some of Comto and the Bridge of Sighs designed, it would seem, from something seen at the theatre supposed to resemble those interesting spots. When it was not Comto or Venice—"beautiful Venice"—it was a long-legged youth bearing a banner with a strange device; or a gentleman in silk tights and velvet tunic kneeling to a lady in bridal costume, and both with their mouths open as in the act of singing; or it was a swarming beauty in golden curls like nothing out of the canvas of the gentleman who painted our grandmothers. All this belonged to the now expiring reign of sentiment, for which has been substituted a reign of Momus, not hinkling in laughter, but in shabby and down-to-earth anger. One of the most favourite features of the present regime is a picture representing, as an evidence of the prevalence of the occurrence, the leaving of her infant offspring in a railway train by a young lady. Let us imagine the use our imaginary French scribe would make of this incident as a national characteristic.

The fact is the music shop window is given up to pictorial representations of music hall life. It would not be sufficient to sell the words and the music of the song which has ravished the frequenters of the Alhambra or the Pavilion; the patrons of the music must have a gorgeously coloured representation of the singer as she or he appeared in the act of singing. The illustration of these songs are growing to be a considerable and curious branch of the industry. It may not be generally known that the great A. or the great B does not pay for the song which brings him in daily bread. The great man, besides being the idol of the music-hall, is the patron of those who write his songs and score his music. The writers of the music and words secure the great man, and bring to bear upon him such persuasion as they possess to induce him to learn the song and to sing it. If the song proves a success, away go the writers to a music publisher, who disbursts some not too enormous amount for the copyright, which they divide between them after deducting the cost of such blandishments as have been used to get their production sung. The music publisher engages with the singer for a sitting to an artist to draw the requisite picture, and the business is then complete. The publisher, as some copyright lites testify, sometimes makes large sums by these transactions—the songs being much more extensively purchased and sung even by young ladies than people suppose. It is very easy to see in the work of one or two of these music-cover artists that the vulgarity of their productions is attributable entirely to the vulgarity of their subjects. There is one in particular—Mr. A. Concanen—who,

when he can get away from the face of Vance, Nash, or Liston, is thoroughly original and intensely humorous. As a specimen, examine his illustrations to a burlesque song in Robinson's "Punch." There is nothing vulgar about that. It is pure humour, and quite as amusing as anything in *Punch*. The same may be said of another production of Mr. Concannon—a representation of a waxwork show, though he has never been held down, evidently by an order to realise a scene in a burlesque. Left to himself Mr. Concannon is beyond question a caricaturist of a high order. He should like to see him caricature the stupid creatures he has had to draw for so many years.

The chief ornament of the music-hall window is, of course, Vance, sometimes called the "Great Vance." His latest portrait represents him in the act of singing the glories of soda water and brandy. He holds a glass of that mixture so high that he seems desirous of pouring it on his hat. He is at the precise moment supposed to be telling his audience—

Soda and B. Soda and B.  
Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, or tea;  
Soda and B. Soda and B.  
There's nothing so good, boys, as Soda and B!

Mr. Vance looks particularly fresh in his portrait; not at all as if he had been up late over a night on some congenial "spree." He does not, in fact, look like a gentleman to whom the refreshment of Soda and B should be an immediate necessity; but there he is, nevertheless recommending the beverage. Those who hear him would, probably, under the circumstances when, according to Vance, there is nothing like Soda and B, "get an early pull," or of that soothing concoction, rum and milk. Vance is in the shop windows almost always to a large extent. He can hardly be said to be disguised when he is represented in the costume of a policeman, a swell, or a coster-monger; for the same nose of no order, unless Vancean, of which it is the singular representative, and the same eyes bewray him in every portrait. Vance may be forgiven a good deal. He is not to blame for the songs he sings. He suits a popular taste. If he did not sing them some one else would. But when the aforesaid nose and eyes are associated with schoolboy costume, and sententious faces wing, and one feels impelled to rush into the shop and confiscate the imagining to some serious venture. Passing from Vance one would inquire what the Englishman has come to that she should be affected pictorially with J. H. Stead. Those jumping representations of parti-coloured garments labelled, "The Cure," seem referable more to the dreams of a nightmare than to ordinary designs. If they are gazed at for a while, the eyes become dim, the brain is dazed. You get the "Cure" on the brain! The song has long passed from fashion—would it had passed from the region of print. If it were not uncharitable, one might wish for the time when the "Cure" would be past caricaturing. That "L'Homme qui Rit," the "Jolly Nash," is another irritating person, as seen in a caricature window. The man who can look at him for five minutes without a strong desire to kick him, must be gifted with a larger share of patience than usual. Arthur Lloyd's appearance in the shop windows is not so irritating. He also shows in a wonderful variety of guises. They generally run in the funeral rather than in the festive groove—long black coats, white hats with black bands, black gloves too long in the fingers, &c. We have no place left for the Louises, the Minnies, and the Bellas of the music shop. Sooth to say, we have no inclination. The men are vulgar, but not never funny. Not to put too fine a point upon it, they remind one too much of the casinos. The nigger minstrel line of pictorial art is at present not so flourishing as of yore, but not occasionally may be described a black gentleman with European facial contour, placed over the head-line of a song quite ultra-sentimental.

COUNTING-HOUSE ALCOHOLISM.  
(From the Saturday Review.)

A CITY merchant of the old school revisiting the scene of his labours at the present day would certainly be a good deal startled, and we fear scandalised, by various changes which he could not fail to attract his attention. Admiration would mingle with his astonishment at the new mode of transacting business, and at the versatile ingenuity with which plans are conceived, and the rapidity with which they are executed. But there would be another drawback to the picture. He would be painfully struck by a certain feverish excitement observable in City life, and a growing tendency to disregard the line which separates legitimate business from sheer gambling. He would find that the disastrous consequences of reckless trading, which in his day would have brought disgrace, are now reckoned among the ordinary and natural risks of commercial enterprise. And, looking a little more closely into the private habits of those who had succeeded him, he would observe one or two things which, according to his old-fashioned notions, would sufficiently account for any irregularities of trade and looseness of domestic habits. Even in walking along the great streets, the number of men who are drinking and whose faces are flushed with wine, would strike his eye, some flaunting in bold and noisy manner, and disclosing through the large plate-glass windows and widely opened doors the glittering counter and dashing Helms behind the bar; others, prim and shy, with close wire-blinds to the street, and secluded compartments opening on the bar; others, again, more unabashed and shameless dram-shops. Many of the old chop-houses remain, but the tendency of development is evidently in the direction of the gaudy re-embellish bar with fittings in the highest style of Parisian ornament, tawny mouldings, panels of white and gilded wood, gilded mirrors, mirrors flashing on the wall and reflecting the glare of crystal, artificial flowers and baubles, bouquets of artificial glances, and lavish show of electrolights on the long marble counter. In some cases the transformation has been accomplished; in others the old and the new may be seen in a grotesque combination—a quaint oyster-shop of other days, with low roof and squat broad splendour, or some famous old tavern breaking out into gilding and looking-glasses in a corner of its dingy yard. But even in the traditional chop-house, with its wooden boxes, randed floor, gridiron hissing and sputtering in a corner of the room, and metal plates to keep the chops warm, although externally the old aspect of the place remains the same, a change has come over the mind, the simplicity of the chop of steak and glass of beer. Orders for sherry and spirits are frequently heard, while men may be seen coming in just for a glass, and leaving as soon as they have tasted it, to return probably in an hour or so for another. The American bar system, which in New York and elsewhere has been carried to a height at which, through being so flagrantly scandalous and intolerable, it has almost begun to curse itself, has unfortunately taken root in

London and others of our chief cities, the habit of taking irregular "sips," the "pick-me-ups," or "eye-openers," as the Yankees call them, is established among them, and seems to be rapidly gaining ground. The forenoon glass of sherry is in especial request, and even who shrink from going to one of the public bars have no scruple about fitting up a neat mahogany cellar in their own office, where they can help themselves to a glass whenever they want it. Under these circumstances the drinking at a bar or in any public manner is clearly less of two evils, for the same reason that the open blaze of the grate is less dangerous than a smouldering beam under the carpet. The habit of drinking in public has been seen drinking in a public-house during business hours, but apparently no discredit now attaches to visiting the luncheon-hour for frequent draughts, provided the liquor be sherry, and that it is consumed at a gulp standing, not seated sitting, and with a brief interval between each glass. Still, alight as the restraint of opinion may be, it does operate to some extent as a check on drinking in public. Secret drinking is free and uncontrolled. The bottle in the private room is the most alarming phase of excessive alcoholism; for the tippler helps himself as often as he likes, the temptation is ever present, and wine is apt to be supplanted by gin or brandy.

It is beyond question that the potations of the city men are terribly on the increase. "Oh, the good old 'bygone days' when a man could go out on 'tough' it" after a tincture of Calumet. The old rule of self-denial and abstinence during the sacred "business hours" is set at naught, and the consequences are of a kind which it is a duty to expose. The evil effects of this pernicious habit are not confined to ruined health and shattered constitution; they may be traced in the general course of business, as the wild projects of gain fostered by an excited brain, the relaxation of prudence, and the weakening of moral resolution and self-command, of which we have had in recent years such painful evidence in the case of the late Lord Basingstoke and Criminal Courts. The pressure of business is now intensified by the operation of two conflicting circumstances—on the one hand, an increase of the amount of work, and on the other, a constant tendency to reduce the hours within which the work has to be performed. A series of important transactions which would have occupied our grandfathers several weeks, perhaps even months, is now disposed of in as many days. The facilities of communication, the wide range of commercial enterprise and diversity of speculation, provide incessant employment. With the telegraph and an accelerated postal service at command, there is no excuse for requiring that a man of business can leisurely meditate on the mail to convey his letters or to bring the replies. Advices which arrive in the morning have now to be answered within an hour or two, if not on the instant; and one matter is no sooner settled than another presses for decision. And thus the tide of affairs flows on swiftly and without intermission from week's end to week's end. If a transaction is profitable, the profit brings fresh care and trouble, for they have to be invested without delay. If there is a loss, it must be repaired, with a similar speed. Nor is it merely that the number of transactions is multiplied a thousandfold, but the sums stated in them have also risen in a still greater ratio.

The safe but comparatively petty gains of the old school of traders are despised as too insignificant to "pick up." Big things "in the order of the day," and the risks of big things are necessarily in proportion to the chances of gain. The effect of all this is obviously to produce a restless anxiety, a perpetual strain on the nerves, the danger of which lies not merely in the exhaustion which attends it, but also in the tendency which it is apt to engender to seek some artificial stimulus for jaded powers, and at the same time a sedative for the fevered excitement of high-pressure work. In former days the City merchant lived in a corner of his own warehouse, or over his counting-house. He was at his desk early in the morning, and was still to be found there till 8 or 9 o'clock at night. But his hours of business were long and his leisure when at business he was also at home. He would dine occasionally at a restaurant, or a dinner-table to confer with a customer, on the other hand he could often close his books and step upstairs for a gossip with a friend. He was on the spot if anybody wanted him; and whether he sat in his counting-house or in his arm-chair by the fire in his private parlour mattered little. The most important part of his business would usually be over not long after noon, and then came dinner—a substantial and a serious meal, served probably at a common table, where he sat surrounded by his clerks and apprentices, as well as by his family. The afternoon would pass doxily, and towards evening the mercantile community would rouse itself up for a little more work before supper and bedtime. The sort of life led by City people of the last generation is exactly that which may be seen at the present day in many of the great cities of Germany and Holland, where the brisk forwardness of the business during the entire cessation of business, during the intercolumn interval of dinner; after which the offices and warehouses are again opened till late at night. Though the day's work is apparently long, it is taken very leisurely and easily. The domestic and the business life blend naturally together, and the transaction can always be accommodated to casual circumstances. No time is lost in travelling, and the pressure is avoided of having to do everything and think of everything within a fixed fraction of the day, and of attempting to carry on a kind of double existence in separate and distant places. Afterwards, when merchants gave up living in the city, they retired only to a moderate distance from it, and were still content to adhere to the long hours which left them plenty of time for their work. Practically the hours of business in London have now come to be from 10 to 4 o'clock. A certain description of routine mechanical work by subordinates is accomplished, no doubt, both earlier and later, but to all intents and purposes the real work of the greatest commerce of the world is compressed within those brief hours. The consequence is that the pace has been accelerated, and the old-fashioned job-trotter has become the headlong gallop of the race-course. Only a very strong healthy man, with an exceptionally cool head and firm nerves, can now sustain the pressure of such a career, even in his case the effort must be expended by something equivalent to training, as regards the careful simplicity and regularity of personal habits.

It has come to be a familiar saying that it is not work but worry which wears a man down. If, to worry, we take it, is only another word for mental effort and anxiety, and this is of course inseparable in some degree from all serious work of any kind. It may, however, be increased or decreased very much by the manner in which a man applies himself to his labour;



and it is impossible to conceive anyone placing himself at a greater disadvantage in this respect than the ordinary man of business in the city. It is positively pitiable to observe the innumerable artificial and needless worries with which he willfully and wantonly surrounds himself. In the first place, he usually lives at some distance from his office, and he has a railway journey of an hour or more before he reaches his office, and if he misses a particular train he is probably doomed to kick his heels at home for another hour, and waste the most precious period of the day. Anxiety about the train oppresses him at breakfast. He bolts his chop and gulps his tea with one eye on the clock and the other on the morning paper, his mind distracted between his wife's gossip and commissions and his own reflections on the possible influence of the telegram on the state of the day's markets. A railway journey is not exactly the most favourable opportunity to assist the digestion of a meal thus swallowed. Without endorsing all the alarming conclusions of the medical inquiry undertaken a few years since as to the effect of daily railway travelling on health, we may assume as unquestionable the tendency of the motion and noise to produce nervous irritation and stimulate an unwholesome flow of blood to the head. In this state our commercial clerk sits down to read the letters his friends have opened and sorted out for him. Everybody knows the mingled emotions of the morning budget. There are pleasant letters and unpleasant letters, and the most prosperous man is never without a share of the latter, nor is the most successful against the disturbing influence of their contents. In the natural course of things, while some transactions have been successful, others have turned out badly. There are difficult questions to be solved, calculations to be recast, and losses to be recouped. The room in which our man of business is sitting is in all probability a small dingy chamber, the darkness of which is rendered visible by the borrowed light of a patent reflector, assisted perhaps by a jet of gas. A great deal has been done of late years to improve the architecture of the city, both in respect of embellishment and sanitary conditions. Not a few of the great houses have followed the example of the insurance offices and public companies, and established themselves in noble mansions, with marble halls and spacious well-ventilated rooms. But it is no exaggeration to say that the great bulk of the ordinary business of the City is still conducted in gloomy cubicles of the kind we have described. Considering how the morning has been passed, the feverishness and indigestion provoked by the hurried meal and subsequent journey, the anxieties of the post-bag and the other communications which have been pouring in, and the hygienic conditions under which work has to be done in the office, it is scarcely surprising that towards noon a certain sinking and languor should be felt, and a keen desire for something that will at once brace and soothe the nerves. Brandy has an evil reputation. People shake their heads when mention is made of any one who has got the length of brandy in the morning. Most men are ashamed to own even to themselves that the idea of such an indulgence should cross the mind, though on an exceptional occasion they may draw their scruples by dashing the spirit with seltzer or soda-water. But sherry is still as innocent in character as it is insidious in influence. It trades on this good character, and it must be said, abuses it. One of its chief constituents is always brandy, and too often the sherry of commerce is a mixture of brandy and bad brandy in disguise. Yet many a man who would shrink from a forenoon draught of brandy and water as from poison has not the least hesitation in quaffing a goblet of sherry containing twice or thrice as much spirit without the qualification of water. Something may be due to the habitual ignorance and thoughtlessness even of well-informed people as to the elements of what they eat and drink; but it is impossible not to suspect that the presence of strong spirit in sherry is not altogether a disagreeable or unknown adulteration, and that there is a tacit collusion on this point between the wine-merchant and his customers. As in the case of feminine tipping, the doctors have also something to answer for here. "A biscuit and a glass of sherry" is a familiar formula specific for the depression and want of tone of which gentlemen in the City complain just as often as the ladies at the West End. Sometimes the advice is to keep a bottle of claret or hock in the office, and take a sip when the faintness is coming on. These are light wines, as "every-body knows," which hurt nobody; "not a headache in a gallon of them," we are assured. But those who talk thus forget that those who are the cause of "fortification" to any extent, and that like most wines they are, as usually dispensed, little more than a vehicle for brandy in greater or less proportion; and that moreover the habit of taking an occasional sip of wine is more easily acquired than regulated or confined to the mild and comparatively innocuous beverage with which the practice is commenced.

The amount of mischief which is produced among all ranks of mercantile men by the growing custom of drinking frequent glasses of wine, and especially sherry, not at meals and along with or just after food, but tossed off at odd moments as a mere "nip," either out of a private bottle or at one of the public bars, is producing incalculable mischief. It would almost be better to take brandy at once. Men would then know what they were about. The effects of the indulgence would be too flagrant to be disguised or long sustained, and the evil would assume a form in which it could neither be ignored nor tolerated. At present a disgusting and ruinous vice is widely practised under a kind of mask. The ravages it causes both to health and morality, the shattered constitutions and wrecked careers, are not told to their true origin. Ask any doctor who has much to do with city men, and he will tell you of the terrible increase of paralysis among this class. A yearly list of the number of young men who either perish in this melancholy way or are reduced to permanent imbecility would startle those who have never had their attention called to it. Even when the facts are known, the cause is misunderstood. "Overwork" is the usual explanation; "the strain of business," "anxieties of speculation." No doubt all these things have to do with the mischief. The conditions under which mercantile work is now-a-days carried on are such as to tell severely on the nerves, but not the less it is true that they are only indirect, not direct, causes of the wasting disease and high rate of mortality which are now becoming such marked features of City life. It is the free use of stimulants during working hours, enfeebling the mind and paralysing the frame, which makes the work so fatally exhausting. Nor, as we have said, does the evil stop here. It is impossible that business can rest on a sound basis when it is carried on under the excitement of frequent drinks. The tales of ruined character are more terrible even

than those of ruined health. The recklessness with which business is carried on leads naturally to the desperate and unscrupulous measures which are resorted to in the attempt to avert or retrieve disaster. A cool head and careful judgment are essential to the maintenance of that secure credit which is the only basis of sound trade. The remedies for the present melancholy state of things must be sought in resolute abstinence from all stimulants during the hours of work, and in the endeavour to reduce as far as possible the worry and fatigue which usually attend the daily life of a man of business. The present movement for curtailing the hours of work is in every way a mistake. Instead of being shortened, they should be lengthened, and City men, as they certainly will not go back to the old plan of living over their counting-houses, should at least try to establish themselves within walking distance of their place of business. What they imperatively require is more repose of mind and body, and less excitement.

**THE TONIC-IMPARTING COMMITTEE.**—When I get old and ponderously respectable, only one thing will be able to make me truly happy, and that will be to be put on the venerable Tonic-imparting Committee of the city of New York, and have nothing to do but to sit on the platform, solemn and imposing, along with Peter Cooper, Horace Greeley, &c., and shed momentary fame as a second-hand or obscure lecturer, draw public attention to lectures which would otherwise elude eloquently to sounding emptiness, and subdue audiences into respectful bearing of all sorts of unpopular and outlandish dogmas and laws. That is what I desire for the cheer of my old days. Let me but sit up there with those fine relics of the Old Red Sandstone Period, and give tone to an intellectual entertainment twice a week, and be so reverenced, and my business will be complete. Those men have been my enemy for a long long time. And no memories of my life are so pleasant as my reminiscence of their long and successful career in the Tonic-imparting service. Now that I am living tolerably near the city, I run down every time I see it announced that "Horace Greeley, Peter Cooper, and several other distinguished gentlemen will occupy seats on the platform." Thus I have been enabled to meet the most substantial old friends of mine at the platform and give tone to lectures on anatomy, and lectures on agriculture, and lectures on stippling, and lectures on astronomy, on chemistry, on miscegenation, on "Is Man descended from the Kangaroo?" on veterinary matters, on all kinds of religion, and several kinds of politics; and have seen these give tone and grandeur to the Four-legged Girl, the Siamese Twins, the great Egyptian Sphinx, Swallowers, and the Old Original Jacob. Whenever somebody is to lecture on a subject not of general interest, I know that my venerated friends of the Tonic-imparting Committee will appear on the platform; whenever a lecturer is to appear whom nobody has heard of before, nor will likely to see or hear, I know that the benevolent committee will be taken advantage of, and that they will be on the platform (and in the hall) as an advertisement; and whenever any new and obnoxious rascality in philosophy, morals, or politics is to be sprung upon the people, I know perfectly well that these deeply respected gentlemen will appear on the platform to the full and free discussion, and to crush down all narrower and less generous souls with the solid dead weight of their awful reprobation. And let us all remember that while these inveterate and imperishable presiders (if you please) appear on the platform every night in the year as regularly as the volunteered piano from Stuyvesant's, or the Claret and Champagne from the year given to a deal of questionable merit and obscure employees in their time, they have also diversified this inconsequential service by occasional lectures on the uplifting and uplifting of great progressive ideas which smaller men feared to meddle with or countenance.—Mark Twain, in the Galaxy.

**THE NEW RULES OF PARIS.**—In an article signed by M. Jules Ferry, which appeared in the *Liberté* of yesterday, it is stated that the working engineer, one of the leaders of the present movement, a man of no education, of shallow mind, but sufficiently energetic, once avowed in our presence that he was not a Frenchman, but a *Resolutoire d'Italie*, the magnificent and prophetic work of M. Edgar Quinet, which he was unable fully to master by reason of his imperfect knowledge, but that his countrymen were ever ready to take the word of the Italian Commune, which springing into existence and grew strong while the Roman Empire was gradually dying; which drew up at once against Rome, which he had seen with his own eyes, and against barbarous, who sought to plunder them; which displayed in those struggles an extraordinary vitality and wonderful energy, must have appeared to him as the incarnation of a social condition most in harmony with the variety of feeling and the desire for action which influence all nations, which have not been moderated by labour and observation. Without comprehending that the struggles of the medieval cities against the Pope and the Emperor might, if better understood, be seen to lead to autonomy, to federation, and the reconstruction of Italian nationality, the fevered mind of Assi could receive but one idea—to revive the Middle Ages, the contests between city and city, federations, antagonisms, and revolutions, in order to free the country from the yoke of the Roman monarchy. Italy, which in the space of 800 years, from Charles V., presents us with more than 7000 revolutions, must indeed afford to Citizen Assi a complete model for an entire system. To-morrow, then, the Republic will enter upon its charter. The watchmaker Tirard, and the dyer Loiseau-Pinson, will sit beside the members of the Central Commune, not last long. We say to the members of the Central Commune and to the elect of yesterday what was said in 1848 by M. Emile de Girardin to the corporals of the Socialist society, to the delegates of the Luxembourg, to M. Louis Blanc, "You are agitators; you will never be reformers."

## AUCTION SALES.

**G. HARRISON, JONES, and DEVLIN** will sell by auction, at their Produce Stores, Circular Quay, THIS DAY, 23rd June, at 11 o'clock, As above.

**Regular Sales at the Bazaar, daily; and at Campden-down, every afternoon.**  
**Sale of Horses and Vehicles on hire.**  
**Sale of Horses, broken to Saddle and Harness.**

**BROWN and JONES** will sell by auction, at their Pitt-street Horse Bazaar, at 12 o'clock, THIS DAY, 23rd June, As above.

**Several useful hacks and single and double harness horses. Also, saddlery, vehicles, &c.**

**Horses and Buggies on HIRE and Livery on moderate terms.**  
**SALES held at Campden-down as directed.**

**Fat Cattle, Fat Calves.**  
**At the New Central Sale Yards, Homebush.**

**DAWSON and CO.** have received instructions from J. F. H. Bury, Esq., to sell by auction, at the above Yards, on MONDAY, 26th instant, at 9 o'clock sharp, 100 head prime paddock-fed cattle, from the famous 1st class Forest country.

**G. M. PITT** has received instructions from A. A. Adams, Esq., to sell by auction, THIS DAY, Friday, the 23rd instant, at 11 o'clock, 500 prime fat wethers, in lots.

**G. M. PITT** has received instructions from S. Sloper Cox, Esq., to sell by auction, on MONDAY next, the 26th instant, at his Homebush Yards at 9 o'clock sharp, 100 prime fat cattle, in lots, paddock fed.

**G. M. PITT** has received instructions from A. Town, Esq., to sell by auction, on MONDAY next, the 26th instant, at his Yards at Fullagar's, at half-past 11 o'clock, 150 prime fat cattle, in lots.

**G. M. PITT** has received instructions from W. William Saunders, Esq., to sell by auction, on MONDAY next, the 26th instant, at his Yards at Fullagar's, at half-past 11 o'clock, 100 prime fat cattle, in lots.

**G. M. PITT** has received instructions from Messrs. J. and A. Badger to sell by auction, on MONDAY next, the 26th instant, at his Yards at Fullagar's, at half-past 11 o'clock, 100 prime fat cows, paddock fed.

**HARRISON, JONES, and DEVLIN** have been instructed by Messrs. Christian and Co. to sell by auction, at the New Yards, Homebush, on MONDAY, 26th June, at 9 o'clock sharp, 100 head prime fat bullocks.

**HARRISON, JONES, and DEVLIN** have been instructed by Messrs. Christian and Co. to sell by auction, at the New Yards, Homebush, on MONDAY, 26th June, at half-past 11 o'clock, 100 head of prime fat bullocks.

**HARRISON, JONES, and DEVLIN** have been instructed by Messrs. Christian and Co. to sell by auction, at the New Yards, Homebush, on MONDAY, 26th June, at half-past 11 o'clock, 150 prime fat sheep, fourth batch, per steamer.

**BUTLER and INGLIS** will sell by auction, THIS DAY, at the Railway, at 9 o'clock sharp, Hay, straw, &c., by the truck.

**Weekly Stock and Produce Sale.**  
**BUTLER and INGLIS** will sell by auction, THIS DAY, at their Railway Auction Mart, 703, George-street, at 11 o'clock.  
 Fat calves, fat and store pigs, lambs, suckers, and poultry.  
 Fifty (50) prime corn-fed pigs from the country.

**At 1 o'clock, the usual weekly supply of dairy produce, consisting of roll and butter from the best dairies, eggs, cheese (including the celebrated No. 6 and other first-class brands), superior corn-fed bacon, lard, honey, &c., &c.**

**BUTLER and INGLIS** will sell by auction, THIS DAY, at their Sale Yards, 793, George-street, at 11 o'clock.  
 Twenty (20) prime fat lambs, from Mr. T. Ward, Camden.  
 Thirty (30) ditto ditto, from Mr. B. Vincy, Briggally.

**BUTLER and INGLIS** will sell by auction, THIS DAY, at their Sale Yards, 793, George-street, at 11 o'clock.  
 Fifty (50) first-class turkeys, from Mr. J. Falljones, Guburna.

**W. G. HENFREY** will sell by auction, THIS DAY, at the Railway, hay, straw, &c.

**R. SMITH** will sell at Railway, THIS DAY, Hay, Straw, Potatoes, &c.

**S. GRAHAM** will sell by auction, at Railway, THIS DAY, hay, straw, &c.

**ELLIS and CO.** will sell by auction, at Railway, THIS DAY, at 9 o'clock, Hay, straw, lucerne, potatoes, &c.

**At Depot, at half-past 11 o'clock, Fat calves, lambs, pigs, suckers, and all kinds of poultry.**  
 At 12 o'clock, Roll and butter, honey, eggs, cheese (good brands), lard, &c.  
 At 4 o'clock, Fruit, hides, sheepskins, tallow.

**GOSPER and MOSES** will sell by auction, at the Railway Station, hay, straw, maize, &c. Half-past 11 o'clock, at the Dog and Duck Yards, twenty (20) prime calves, from W. Durham, Esq., Wombi; pigs, poultry, eggs, butter, one hundred and thirty (130) carcasses of corn-fed pork, &c.

**MACKENZIE, BROTHERS** will sell, THIS DAY, at the Central Australian Yards, next Dog and Duck, at 11 o'clock.  
 Fat calves and lambs, fat and store pigs, 60 head porkers (corn fed), poultry, eggs, cheese, lard, bacon, roll and lard butter, first-class brands.

**MACKENZIE, BROTHERS** will sell, at Ten-inus, hay, straw, &c.

**MACKENZIE, BROTHERS** will sell by public auction, on MONDAY, 26th June, at Elsworth's Store, Underwood-street, at 11 o'clock, in lots to suit the market, 120 lambs prime Camden cotton hay.

**To Grocers, Dealers, and others.**

**N. W. RAVEN** will sell by auction, THIS DAY, at Black Swan Yards, at 12 o'clock, 500 prime small butter, from all the best and most only, best dairies of Camden, Monaglie, and the Oaks; fresh eggs, honey, lard, bacon, &c., &c.

**N. W. RAVEN** will sell by auction, THIS DAY, at Railway, at 9 o'clock, Hay, straw, &c.

**GEORGE WELLS** will sell by auction, at Railway, at 9 o'clock, Hay, straw, corn, &c.

**Weekly Produce Sale.**  
**HARRISON, JONES, and DEVLIN** will sell by auction, at their Produce Stores, Circular Quay, THIS DAY, 23rd June, at 11 o'clock, As above.

**Sole, kip, and calf leather.**  
 At half-past 10 o'clock, 1000 hides, calfskins, hair, &c.  
 And at half-past 2 o'clock, 121 casks tallow.

**Weekly Produce Sale.**  
**MORT and CO.** will sell by auction, at their Produce Stores, Circular Quay, THIS DAY, Friday, 23rd June, at half-past 10 o'clock, 500 hides, calfskins, hair, &c.  
 Tallow, &c.

**MORT and CO.** will sell by auction, at their Produce Stores, Circular Quay, THIS DAY, Friday, 23rd June, at half-past 10 o'clock, Sole leather, &c., &c.

**Weekly Produce Sale.**  
**IRWIN and CO.** will sell by auction, at their Produce Stores, Circular Quay, THIS DAY, 23rd June, at 10 a.m., Kip, sole, harness, bag, kangaroo, calf, &c.; Hides, hair, &c.; at 2.30 p.m., Casks tallow, oil, &c.

**Weekly Produce Sale.**  
**JOHN A. TURNER** will sell by auction, at his Produce Stores, Circular Quay, THIS DAY, Friday, 23rd June, at a quarter to 10 o'clock, Kip, sole, calf, harness, twine, horse butts, kangaroo, bag, and harness leather.

**And at 12 o'clock, Hides, calfskins, hair, &c.**  
**Also, at a quarter past 2 o'clock, Casks tallow.**

**SATURDAY, 24th June, at 11.**  
**At the Bank Auction Rooms.**

**HENRY MOON** will sell by auction, Pianofortes, furniture, glassware, electro-plated ware, holloware, crockery, pier and toilet glasses, fancy &c., &c. Particulars in issue of day of sale.  
 N.B.—Goods for these sales received daily from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. Cash advanced.

**Continuation Sale of Unredeemed Pledges.**  
 THIS DAY, 23rd June, at 2 o'clock, At the Auction Mart, corner of Pitt and Park streets.

**MR. H. D. COCKBURN** has been instructed by Mr. W. Moss, pawnbroker, Botany Road and Farmhouse-street, to sell by auction, The remainder of the unredeemed pledges, comprising clothing, male and female, of every description, black, white, and brown, shoes, watches, jewellery, &c., as advertised in full last week.  
 Terms cash, no reserve.  
 Preliminary Notice.

**TUESDAY, 27th June, at 11 o'clock.**  
 On the Premises, George-street, opposite the Police-Station.  
 To Confectioners, Publicans, and others.

**MR. H. D. COCKBURN** has been instructed by Mr. J. F. Cripps, confectioner and publican, to sell by auction, in consequence of ill-health, The whole of the handsome fixtures, show glasses, glass shop cases, stock-in-trade of confectionery, furniture, pier glasses, also beer engine, country, split fountain, decanters, glass, measures; stock wine, spirits, brandy, rum, &c.  
 Terms cash.

**Under a Bill of Sale.**  
**LISTER and SON** have received instructions to sell by auction, at their Rooms, 204, Pitt-street, THIS DAY, at 11 o'clock.  
 The stock of a country coach, consisting of panels, calicoes, trimmings, mole trousers, crimson shirts, &c. Also, men's, women's, and children's colonial-made boots.

**Highly Important to Furniture Dealers, Ironmongers, Cutlery, Fancy Dealers, and the Trade.**  
 15 Packages Fancy Goods, Looking-Glasses, Cutlery, Stationery, Combs, &c., &c.  
 For Positive Unreserved Sale.

**FRIDAY, June 23.**  
 On consignment account.

**MR. CHARLES TRAKLE** has been favoured with instructions to sell by auction, at his Rooms, Wynyard-street, THIS DAY, at half-past 10 o'clock sharp.

**RAVENS**—  
 (175)—1 case, each 1 dozen 2 1/2, 10 x 8, 12 x 9, 14 x 10, 16 x 12, 18 x 14, and 20 x 22 ditto ditto  
 176—2 cases, each same contents  
 178—1 case, 6 dozen each 12 x 14, 16 x 10, 16 x 12, moulded box tray glasses  
 3 sets 18 x 14, and 20 x 22 ditto ditto  
 180—1 case, 12 dozen each 6 x 4 1/2, 7 x 5 1/2, 8 x 6, 3 dozen each 9 x 7 and 10 x 8 B. P.

251—1 case, 40 dozen glass and black photo. frames  
 252—4 cases assorted glass and work boxes, dressing-cases, writing-desks, &c.  
 253—2 cases, each 30 m. C. L. envelopes  
 257—2 cases, each 1000 ditto, rack, and roll  
 259—2 cases, each 1000 ditto, rack, and roll

**FOR POSITIVE UNRESERVED SALE.**  
 Terms, liberal.

**In the Assigned Estate of a Storekeeper.**  
 Removed from the Country for convenience of Sale.  
**TUESDAY, June 27th.**  
**WEDNESDAY, June 28th.**

**MR. CHARLES TRAKLE** has been instructed to sell by auction, at his Rooms, Wynyard-street, on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY next, at 11 o'clock sharp.

The stock-in-trade of a storekeeper—  
 Drapery, slops, hosiery, woollens, &c.  
 Men's, women's, and children's boots and shoes, &c.

**Particulars in future issue.**  
**FRIDAY, June 23rd, 1871.**  
 245 Cases American Chairs, With leather and velvet covers.  
 Now landing ex Tak Sing.

**To Furniture Dealers, Storekeepers, Shippers, and others.**  
**JOHN G. COHEN** will sell by auction, at his Rooms, 127, Pitt-street, opposite the Oriental Bank, THIS DAY, June 23rd, 1871, at 11 o'clock precisely.

345 cases Winchester Company's American chairs, comprising—  
**QUINCY WOOD CHAIRS**  
 Ladies' chairs, with and without velvet covers, Washington case, children's high dining chairs—light and white, light and dark shape  
 Nurse oak rocking-chairs, cane ditto, oak dining and office chairs  
 Children's low chairs, black painted rocking chairs, &c.  
 Terms at sale.

**FRIDAY AFTERNOON, June 23, half-past 2 o'clock.**  
 At the Stores of Messrs. R. Towns and Co., on account of whom it may concern, ex Tak Sing, Marshall, master, from New York.  
 All more or less damaged by sea water.  
 18 Cases American Brooms  
 77 Cases of Oysters.

**To Ironmongers, Grocers, Storekeepers, and others.**  
**JOHN G. COHEN** has received instructions to sell by auction, at the stores of Messrs. R. Towns and Co., THIS DAY, June 23rd, at half-past 2 o'clock precisely.

C in diamonds.  
 3 cases American brooms, 14 lb.  
 1 case ditto ditto, 14 lb.  
 8 cases ditto ditto, 14 lb.  
 4 cases ditto ditto, 14 lb.  
 16 ditto Kismet's oysters  
 16 ditto Kismet's ditto  
 10 ditto ditto.  
 All more or less damaged by sea water.  
 Terms, cash.

**FRIDAY, June 23rd, 1871.**  
**American Kerosene Vials.**  
 To Ironmongers and others.

**JOHN G. COHEN** will sell by auction, at his Rooms, 127, Pitt-street, opposite the Oriental Bank, THIS DAY, June 23rd, 1871, at 11 o'clock, 2 cases kerosene cotton wicks, R.A.B.D.

**Terms at sale.**

**To Chemists, Druggists, Cordial Manufacturers, and others.**  
**JOHN G. COHEN** has received instructions from Messrs. Mason, Brothers, to sell by auction, at their Stores, 125, Pitt-street, on TUESDAY next, 27th instant, at 11 o'clock, without the slightest reserve.

17 casks assorted druggists' vials, opened out.  
 100 casks soda-water bottles.  
 23 ditto glass gingerbeer bottles.  
 Terms, liberal.

**To Warehousemen, Drapers, and others.**  
**Important Sale of New and Seasonable Drapery, Clothing, &c., &c.**  
 Now landing ex Northampton and other ships.

**THIS DAY, Friday, 23rd instant.**

**CHAS. MOORE and CO.** are instructed to sell by auction, at their Sale Rooms, Pitt-street, THIS DAY, at 11 a.m.

64 fine broad cloackings  
 20-inch Irish  
 7-4 fine black alpaca  
 Black cloaks  
 4-4 and 6-4 greys  
 Linen and pade  
 Various table covers  
 Stays, women's and girls' Assorted trimmings  
 Sewt's fancy silk corsets  
 White muslin, D. and B.  
 Scotch twill and byramine shirtings  
 Crispens and under flannel ditto  
 Fancy dress suits  
 Black cloth and doe vests  
 Black cloth and doe jackets  
 Self-moleskins, &c., &c.  
 Terms at sale.

**Guat's Silk and Alpaca Umbrellas.**  
**CHAS. MOORE and CO.** are instructed to sell by auction, THIS DAY, at 11 a.m., at 1 case guat's silk and alpaca umbrellas, as noted.

**Damaged China Mattings.**  
**Ex Lady Bowen.**  
**CHAS. MOORE and CO.** are instructed by Messrs. R. Towns and Co. to sell by public auction, at their Sale Rooms, Pitt-street, THIS DAY, at 11 o'clock.

No. 1—50 pieces super 4-4 white matting, wrappes stained  
 25 ditto ditto, damaged  
 2-25 ditto 4-4 checked, wrappes stained  
 13 ditto ditto, damaged  
 3-21 ditto 4-4 white, wrappes stained  
 9 ditto ditto, damaged  
 4-20 ditto 4-4 checked, wrappes stained  
 9 ditto ditto, damaged  
 5-40 ditto 6-6 white, wrappes stained  
 40 ditto ditto, slightly damaged  
 6-6 ditto 4-4 checked, wrappes stained  
 10 ditto ditto, slightly damaged.  
 Terms at sale.

**CHAS. MOORE and CO.** are instructed to sell by auction, at their Sale Rooms, Pitt-street, THIS DAY, at 11 o'clock.  
 A varied assortment of hats and caps.  
 Moore and Navy Canvas.

**CHAS. MOORE and CO.** are instructed to sell by auction, THIS DAY, at 11 o'clock, at their Sale Rooms, Pitt-street, 2 hats best brown heavy canvas, assorted, from 1 to 5.

**FRIDAY, 23rd instant.**  
 Portable Meat Safes, Iron Bedsteads, Chairs, Washstands, Kerosene Lamps.  
 To Furniture Dealers and others.

**MR. M. MOLONY** is instructed by the Importer to sell by auction, in his Rooms, No. 239, George-street North, next the Bank of Australia, THIS DAY, the 23rd instant, at 11 o'clock.

Portable meat safes, ditto ditto  
 China breakfast sets  
 Bedsteads, in crates  
 Kerosene lamps.  
 To class accounts.  
 No reserve.  
 Manila Rope, Pipe Packing.

**R. F. STUBBS and CO.** will sell by auction, at the Rooms, THIS DAY, June 23rd, at 11 o'clock.  
 6 barrels pipe packing  
 5 coils rope.  
 Particulars at sale.

**Hooded Buggy.**  
**Ex M. R. Mitford, from Boston.**  
**R. F. STUBBS and CO.** will sell by auction, at the Rooms, THIS DAY, June 23rd, at 11 o'clock.

1 superior hooded buggy.  
 Terms, cash.  
 Devonia's Ale.  
 Ex Blackbird.

On account of whom it may concern.  
**R. F. STUBBS and CO.** will sell by auction, at the Bond, Grafton Wharf, THIS DAY, June 23rd, at half-past 10 o'clock.

10 hogheads Devonia's Ale.  
 Terms, cash.

**CONTINUATION OF SALE**  
**FRIDAY, June 23.**  
 In consequence of portion of the premises being let.

The whole of the retail portion of the valuable STOCK-IN-TRADE, comprising—  
**FANCY GOODS.**  
**TOBACCONISTS' GOODS.**  
**CLOCKS AND OPTICAL GOODS.**  
**STATIONERY.**  
**CUTLERY.**  
**ELECTRO-PLATED WARE.**  
**HARDWARE.**  
**PERFUMERY AND SOAPS.**  
**SADDLERY AND BRUSHWARE.**  
**CHOICE ORNAMENTS AND CHINA.**  
 Together with other and varied stock of very first-class Goods, too numerous to compile in an advertisement.

The whole of the open Stock must be disposed of WITHOUT RESERVE.  
**MESSRS. CHANDLER and CO.** have received instructions from Messrs. Owen and Co. (in consequence of their relinquishing the retail trade) to sell by auction, on the Premises, 54, George-street, opposite the Cathedral, THIS DAY, 23rd June, at 11 o'clock.

The whole of the retail portion of their stock-in-trade.  
 N.B.—The whole business will be conducted as usual at the rear of their present premises.

**FRIDAY, 23rd June.**  
 Sale by Auction, at the Stores of Messrs. Owen and Co., 54, George-street, opposite the Cathedral.

On account of whom it may concern.

Sundry Goods in Bulk, comprising—  
 1 Case Confectionery, in 1 lb. tin  
 2 Cases Gum  
 1 ditto Elastic Powder  
 1 ditto Elastic Powder  
 1 ditto Tooth Powder  
 1 Case Ink  
 1 Case Ink



